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For India, Burma, and Ceylon

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GOOD MANNERS.

"INGENUAS didicisse fideliter artes emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros". Those are the words in which a Roman Poet expressed his opinion many centuries ago. We may freely translate them into English thus :—" To have studied carefully the liberal arts smoothes the manners of men and prevents them from being rough." The Roman Poet meant that, in his day, a man who had received the education of a gentleman ought to have good manners. By the education of a gentleman' was meant a knowledge of Poetry, Painting, Architecture, Sculpture, and Rhetoric, for those were the liberal arts. In these days a liberal education means much more than it did nineteen hundred years ago and a man may have the education of a gentleman without having more than the very slightest knowledge of Painting, or Architecture, or Rhetoric, or Sculpture. But it seems to be very doubtful if now-a-days the quotation, with which this article opens,

161755

holds good to anything like the same extent as may have been the case eighteen or nineteen centuries ago. In these days each of us who has received what is called a good education, (which varies in every country,) may claim to be, like the hero of Tennyson's poem " the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time." Yet we meet many a man who, though he would be admitted by every one to be an educated man, and even a very well educated man, nevertheless possesses the most atrocious manners.

Over the school founded by William of Wykeham, the school known and honoured as Winchester College wherever the English most do congregate, is inscribed the saying " manners makyth man," by which, no doubt, the wise ecclesiastic who had it carved in stone meant to impress on those who entered his college that unless a man has manners—good manners—he can hardly be called a man. He is an animal, as is shown by his being a living moving sentient creature, but without 'manners' he is very little more than a mere animal. This is very much the same ythidea as is expressed in the already quoted words of the Roman Poet when he uses the word 'feros.' A wild animal was, distinctively, fierce in its nature. So, a man. without good manners was wild or fierce. His conduct was no better than that of a wild beast.

Now "what constitutes" good manners,? What is the essential matter, the possession of which makes a man's manners " good " ? It may be briefly put into the following words :—It is that feeling which makes us considerate and gentle towards others, which makes us hesitate to do a thing because it might annoy some one else, which leads us, when an unpleasant thing has to be done, to do it in the way which will be least disagreeable to the person affected by it. It was said of a certain Governor of Madras, as it has been said of but few other men, that he refused a request in such a way that the person who met with the refusal often went away more pleased than he would have been had his request been granted by another. There are not in the world

many men like that Governor, but the story shows us what a potent effect manners have as between man and man.

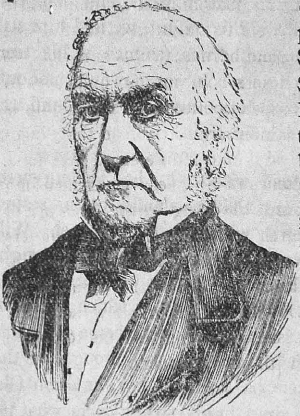
So far we have shown our young readers what the ancient Roman considered and the modern Briton holds to be 'good manners.' We have been long in India and have asked ourselves whetherthe Hindu youth has improved in his manners or the reverse. Nothing struck us, on our first arrival, so much as the universal politeness of Hindus. More than one-third of a century has since gone by, and we must honestly say that, while the best classes are as polite as ever, we note a distinct deterioration in the manners of the middle and lower classes. This ought not to be. The blame must lie with the schools. A Journal such as ours may do something to direct the attention of school masters and boys to the necessity of cultivating the art of politeness. The Hindu is naturally polite, but an idea has gradually got abroad that independence is best shown by rudeness and indifference. We have seen Hindus behave in the presence of European gentlemen in a way they would not have dreamed of doing in the presence of Hindus of their own or a higher social grade. Good manners will carry a young man far towards success in life whilst boorishness or a false air of independence will as certainly stand in his way. Be polite to all men. Do not cringe, or show servility. No sensible European ever wishes or requires you to do so. He likes manliness, combined with good manners.

No. IV.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time.

THOUGH born in Liverpool and the son of a Liverpool Merchant, Gladstone on both parents' side was thoroughly Scotch. His mother came from Stornoway, his father from Leith, whence he had migrated to Liverpool. He afterwards became Sir John Gladstone, being made a Baronet by the great Sir Robert Peel, and was one of the few men he thus honored. W. E. Gladstone, it is said, was proud of his Scotch blood and when, years after, he was elected member of Parliament for Midlothian, he was heard to boast that he had no drop of blood in his body that was not Scotch.



The original name of the family was Glėdstane. Afterwards changed to Gladstone by Royal License. William Gladstone was educated first at Seaforth near Liverpool, where the rector was his tutor. From there he was sent to Eton, where he learnt very little but Latin and Greek, but so keen was Gladstone's desire for learning that he eagerly drank in all the knowledge he could acquire, and was known among his schoolmates as a "sap."

In those days when morality was at a very low ebb among school-boys, Gladstone was noted for his high moral and religious tone. He never allowed a coarse or irreverent jest in his presence and openly showed his dislike for this sort of thing. Throughout the whole of his life, this characteristic was very marked, and on his high morality, and the extreme rectitude of his judgments people could always depend. Much with which we cannot always agree, can be excused a man, who dares to deny the world, because he feels it right to do so. The memory of a man can never fade away, who has taken for his motto those words. "Do what is right, no matter what may happen." When Gladstone left Eton, and went to Oxford, we find him still dominated by the same feeling, and he was, (so men of his time thought,) too ostentatiously religious. It was, however, not outward show only: his religious feeling was very deep, and was bound to find some outward manifestation.

We are told that Gladstone wished to be a clergyman, but his father was determined that he should be a statesman, and through his interest with Sir Robert Peel, William Gladstone became member for Newark in 1832. Throughout the whole of his parliamentary career, we associate his name chiefly with Slavery Emancipation, on which question he delivered his maiden speech in 1833. His pet scheme of all was Home Rule for Ireland which he failed to carry through, as the Liberals deserted him. Gladstone has been called "The Grand Old Man." He was grand in his aims, in his struggles for what he thought right and even his detractors, and he had many, own this. He was misjudged by many, but when he died, it was amidst expressions of sympathy and sorrow from the whole nation that he was buried in Westminster Abbey at the expense of the nation, which felt, that, however the political parties might differ, to the world was lost a man of high moral character, strong will, and great ability. He was a great reader, and spent a great part of his income on books,—the larger part he gave away in charity and he refused always to spend anything on luxury and show. A

curious trait in his character was the way in which he ruled and dominated masses of people, but failed with individuals. This was probably due to the fact, that he was a great orator, and we know how a sort of electric current seems to thrill a large assembly, when carried away by the enthusiasm of grand oratory. But the same man in private conversation would probably have no power over one single individual. Gladstone was a true demagogue, a leader of the people, and even those whose political opinions were widely opposed to his recognise in him a great man,—a man who must leave his mark in the sands of time and a man whose words would affect people generations after he had passed away. To those students who know anything of Tennyson, and who may have read "In Memoriam," it may be interesting to know that Gladstone's great friend at Eton was Arthur Hallam, the subject of that poem.

Students would do well to study Gladstone's life. One was published in 1901, by H. W. Paul, and another by Mr. Morley. They give not only the history of the man, but the history of the times in which he lived, one of the most thrilling and important epochs of England and the world's history.—*M.*

"Swadeshi."

WHAT is it, what does the word mean? I take it as simply and primarily meaning "for one's own country" and as having in fact at the outset nothing whatever to do, with "boycotting," as it is called, of merchandise from other countries. Students should grasp this fact, and consider in their minds whether the Swadeshi movement is good, that is, whether it is for or against Free Trade, which is so necessary to the welfare of a country. These subjects should interest boys, more especially those who will probably have to earn their living in trade. Anything which tends to make one think of the advancement of one's own country is good, and the desire to use the materials of one's own country, and

thus improve her manufactures and industries, must in the end work out for good. But it is well at this juncture to consider how far this present movement is meant to improve the country, and how far it is being used as a means of showing petty spite, with a desire to injure others. We do not wish to make this in any sense a political article by discussing the Partition of Bengal, which in reality caused the disagreeable side of the Swadeshi movement,—so called. We write for students pointing out to them these facts.

Free trade is this,—that a thing should be manufactured where it can be produced at the least cost, and sold again at the highest possible profit: hence in India, where cotton grows so well, cotton goods could and should be cheaply manufactured. This industry should be greatly encouraged, and India would soon again take the place it used to hold in the cotton trade. The growth of cotton, and the importation of different kinds into India is a most interesting study and no one would be against the effort of Indians to make their country first in the manufacture of cotton and other goods, in which they could easily out-rival other nations. But it seems to us, that much has to be considered, much help sought in order to bring about this state of things. The boycotting of goods from other places, before India is ready with her own s is one of the most foolish signs of the times.

In other countries they have had to pass throu phases before they could dare to say " we can now st we want no help from other places " ; in fact can suc ever be said? A thoroughly good worker shows his making others work, not by doing all the work him part of the British Empire, such as India, cannot say, have nothing to do with the mother country's work her other dependencies. She will soon find that all th subjects are simply one huge family and all must work in order to form a harmonious whole. India needs ass from America, America from India, and though by all and in every way the Swadeshi movement should be enco

In order to make Indians feel and realise that they must try and bring out the best in their own country and countrymen, still anything that leads to bitter rivalry is to be deprecated.

The educationist who gives up all his life to training the young in order that they may help their country, must be careful to teach young people that the best way to work for their country and people, is by taking what is good from other places, and grafting it on to the good in their mother-land. Then will Swadeshi be really Swadeshi, and India will learn to feel that her sons are citizens of the one mighty Empire in which all King Edward's subjects are included. All success to a true Swadeshi movement is what we heartily wish.—*M.*

There is an told German legend of a peasant who owned his hut and a patch of ground on which grew twelve apple trees that had ceased to bear. His mind was full of schemes by which to grow rich. One night, in his dreams, an old man came to him and bade him travel round the world until he should meet his good angel, who would in-struct him where to find a hidden treasure.

set forth and visited many countries but nowhere found the or a treasure. When he returned home, despairing, he ry to his old mother, sitting in the chimney corner.

should you put faith in dreams?" she said. "I dreamed under one of our apple trees was hidden a pot of gold."

an seized a spade, rushed out, and began to dig. He made e under the roots of the first apple tree, and finding no illed it with fresh loam and went to work at the second. In had dug under each tree, but had found nothing.

the spring the trees, for the first time for years, were laden loom. The fruit was of a rare kind, and sold high in the mar- a few years the peasant was rich.

Socrates and his Method of Teaching.

"SOCRATES was born B.C. 469; his parents, though poor, managed, it is said, to give him the ordinary education." Besides which he learned his father's art—that of a sculptor; whether he made any progress in it, we are unable to say; probably not, as he relinquished it early. He did not commence teaching till about the middle of his career. We have but few records of the events which filled up the period between his first leaving his father and his first teaching. One of these was his marriage with Xanthippe. He gave a playful explanation of his choice by remarking that "those who wish to become skilled in horsemanship select the most spirited horses; after being able to bridle those, they believe they can bridle all others. Now, as it is my wish to live and converse with men, I married this woman, being firmly convinced that, in case I should be able to endure her, I should be able to endure all others."

"Before he gave himself up to teaching, he performed military service in three battles, and distinguished himself in each. His bravery as a soldier was surpassed by his bravery as a senator. He had that high moral courage which can brave not only death, but the opinion of the world. At what time Socrates relinquished his profession as a statuary, we do not know; but it is certain that all the middle and latter part of his life, at least, was devoted exclusively to the self-imposed task of teaching; excluding all other business, public or private, and to the neglect of all means of fortune. We can hardly avoid speaking of him as a teacher, though he himself disclaimed the appellation; his practice was to talk or converse. Early in the morning he frequented the public walks, the gymnasia for bodily training, and the schools where youths were receiving instruction; he was to be seen in the market-place at the hour when it was most crowded, among the booths and tables where goods were exposed for sale; his whole day was usually spent in this public manner. He talked with any one, young or old, rich or poor, who sought to address him, and in the hearing of all who stood by; he never either asked or received any reward; he made no distinction of persons, never withholding his conversation from any one and he talked on the same general subjects with all. When a man

professed knowledge on any point, especially if admiring crowds gave testimony to that profession, Socrates was sure to step up to him, and, professing ignorance, entreat to be taught. Charmed with so humble a listener, the teacher began. Interrogated, he unsuspectingly assented to some very evident proposition; a conclusion from that, almost as evident, next received his assent; from that moment he was lost. With great power of logic, with much ingenious subtlety, and sometimes with daring sophistication, a web was formed from which he could not extricate himself. His own admissions were proved to lead to monstrous conclusions; these conclusions he repugned, but could not see where the gist of his error lay. The laughter of all bystanders bespoke his defeat. Before him was his adversary, imperturbably calm, apparently innocent of all attempt at making him ridiculous. Confused, but not confuted, he left the spot indignant with himself, but more indignant with the subtlety of his adversary."

But the method of Socrates seems to me to be even better described in a passage of Grote, which we cannot forbear transcribing.

"On such questions as these—What is justice?—What is piety?—What is democracy?—What is Law?—every man fancied that he could give a confident opinion, and even wondered that any other person should feel a difficulty." (Now-a-days, one may add, What is education?—and say, everyone, including Members of Parliament, parsons, and parents, fancy they can give a confident opinion', and on the platform, in the pulpit, or in epistolary literature, never feel much hesitation in giving it.) "When Socrates, professing ignorance, put any such question, he found no difficulty in obtaining an answer, given off-hand and with very little reflection. The answer purported to be the explanation or definition of a term, familiar indeed, but of wide and comprehensive import—given by one who had never before tried to render to himself an account of what it meant. Having got this answer, Socrates put fresh questions, applying it to specific cases to which the respondent was compelled to give answers inconsistent with the first, showing that the definition was either too narrow or too wide, or defective in some essential condition. The respondent then amended his answer; but this was a prelude to

other questions which could only be answered in ways inconsistent with the amendment; and the respondent, after many attempts to disentangle himself, was obliged to plead guilty to the inconsistencies, with an admission that he could make no satisfactory answer to the original query, which at first appeared so easy and familiar.

"The discussion first raised by Socrates turns upon the meaning of some large generic term. The queries whereby he follows it up bring the answer given into collision with various particulars which it ought not to comprehend, or with others which it out to comprehend but does not. The inconsistencies into which the hearer is betrayed in his various answers proclaim to him the fact that he has not yet acquired any thing like a clear and full conception of the common attribute which binds together the various particulars embraced under some term which is ever on his lips. He is thus put upon the train of thought which leads to a correction of the generalization, and lights him on to that which Plato calls seeing the One in the Many, and the Many in the one."

Such is an account of the man and his method—sufficient we think for our purpose. His trial and fate are well known, and, to my mind not surprising. For a modern Socrates there is still hemlock, only it has to be taken in homoeopathic doses. If any one should doubt it, let him realise the fact that the education of the child includes the education of the parent; and if he attempts to put this notion into practice, and begins to teach on the Socratic method the present as well as the next generation, he will soon get a globule with direction that there are more to follow. "Wherever," says Lowes, quoting Heine, "a great soul gives utterance to its thoughts, there also is Golgotha". and adds, "Reformers risk martyrdom," and, he might have continued,—"for the most part, in some form or other they get it."

Remember, the teaching of Socrates—for teacher he was, spite of his own denial—was, for the most part, the teaching of the adult; and before we consider his method, in relation to education as commonly understood, it will be well to collect a few of the more important propositions from his philosophy.

Put briefly, these are :—

1. He professed ignorance himself; and though he held that knowledge was attainable, he considered that in most, if not all, cases, it was not yet attained, but that knowledge so-called was a sham and delusion; and he set himself mercilessly to attack and expose it.

2. He held that no man could teach another, only help him to teach himself.

Those who are acquainted with the doctrine of our late lamented friend Professor Payne will know how well home he drove this nail. It is hardly too much to say that his entire teaching was one long series of well-directed blows for this purpose. He regarded the principle not only as fundamental, but inclusive in teaching. With him the whole art of teaching was to be deduced from this one proposition and contrary, as I venture to think, to his own principles, he proceded to teach the young teacher from this generality of his—not the student's—making. Though I have to differ from him in a matter of abstract thought—as I have often felt bound to do in private, and even here, when he has done me the honour to preside—I should indeed be deeply grieved if any word of mine seemed in the smallest degree to depreciate the labours of one whose whole life was a consistent devotion to education, and whose memory is fondly cherished by me as it must be by all who knew the warmth of his heart, the vigour of his intellect, the kindliness of his smile, and the help of his hand. If this room, in which he laboured so long, contained a bust to his memory, it would be but a fitting tribute; but it could add nothing to the more eloquent and lasting language which like the dew, settles silently and secretly, but not less surely, on deeds that are duly done.

I have heard him often refer this principle to Jacotot, whose disciple he claimed to be, but to Socrates it really belongs. In fact, it is difficult to estimate how much is due to that great professor of ignorance, who has bequeathed perennial mental life through an imperishable method.

3. Socrates denied that, because one is acquainted with language, one is acquainted with the facts which underlie the language; and

here again educational reformers from Montaigne to Payne are indebted to him.

4. As a deduction from this, he held that "books cannot be interrogated—cannot answer—therefore cannot teach; we can only learn from them that which we knew before."

5. Hence, instead of general notions including what they should not include, and omitting what they should, and vague frothy language, he insisted on distinct conceptions rigorously expressed.

6. He assigned—and was the first to do so—immense importance to verification; but we must not forget that verification with him was purely *subjective*. Physics he ignored, regarding the study as futile, if not impious, in which he is not without modern disciples.

THE LITTLE SKATERS.

(Translated from the French by M.K.B.)

IT was at Versailles in a very severe winter that this happened. The great sheet of the Swiss water,not natural but made by the hand of man, which was opposite the underground palace called the Orangery and lying under the high woods of Satory was frozen over and seemed to invite all the children of the place to come and disport themselves on the ice.

Children are easily led away, above all where their pleasure is concerned. The thought of pleasure makes them daring, and conceals the danger awaiting them. So you may think there was no lack of these foolish young people on the Swiss water, which shone in the sun like an immense mirror. They crowded upon each other; they pushed each other about: they vied with each other as to who should be first, who should slide best.

When one of them happened to fall on the wet ice, there was a loud laugh, a laugh of frank enjoyment accompanying his fall: and if he had not hurt himself too much, he forced himself, although a little ashamed, in his heart, to join, with a merry word, in the bursts of laughter.

Among the spectators, who were looking at them from the bank, there was one young boy like themselves, of whom the children always made fun. He never shared in their pleasures, and they would have called him a coward had he not had the reputation of being a determined fellow, who would soon have set them to rights with a back stroke of his hand.

This was Hippolyte Leport, a child of hardly eleven years of age, who had never learnt to slide, because he thought it was of no use, except to worry one's parents or to make one break a leg or an arm. But on the other hand he had learnt to swim like a fish, because he had been told it was useful in emergencies, were it only to save the lives of one's fellow creatures.

They laughed then in an under tone at Hippolyte Leport, who took no notice of it and seemed to be occupied with much more serious matters.

But behold ! all at once, the shouts of pleasure were charged to frightful cries which were re-echoed again and again by not less terrible cries from the edge of the water. A loud report had been heard.

The ice had parted under the feet which were on it just like the rays of a star and then a gulf opened which swallowed up one after the other, the imprudent boys who had ventured on this weak carpet and whom no human strength could arrest in the rapid motion which they had given to themselves. Four unhappy children disappeared under the ice. Fear and pity were general, but still nobody went to their help. Their comrades had run away from the sight of a danger which had nearly been the death of them all.

I am mistaken there was not far off a child, who hastily pulled off his shoes and took off his jacket. In three bounding leaps he forced his way through the crowd which simply stood with gaping mouth and who had not even perceived him until he had already plunged into the frozen water.

He was not seen until a few minutes after when he came up from the fatal hole dragging by the hair one of the drowned boys whom he placed on the grass.

This courageous child was Hippolyte Leport. There was immediately a cry of astonishment and admiration. Hippolyte hardly heard it for he had returned at once to the search for another boy, whom he likewise soon brought back to life.

Half dead as he was with fatigue and cold, they could not however hold him back, and for the third time he plunged into the gulf.

But this time he was long in returning to the surface of the water, and the people trembled for his fate. They despaired of seeing him again when suddenly pale and trembling he brought to the shore his third conquest, and placed the boy by the other two children.

Shivering with cold, his shirt frozen to his skin, his hair stiffened with icicles, his lips purple, and with eyes half closed, he fell insensible by the side of those he had so nobly saved.

A woman had run up by this time, a mother in tears, who filled the air with her cries and the words. " My son, where is my son ?" It was the moth er of Hippolyte. She found her son again, but in the horrible condition which I have described.

Children if you have ever understood what the love of a mother is, who lives only for her son, who would die for him, judge of her grief, and the anguish of her heart. She threw herself on him, warmed him with her body, with her breath, begging him to open his eyes to call her " mother."

He did indeed half open them and holding out his hand he anwered " my mother." He had come back to life on hearing that clear clerished voice, which begged him to live.

But that was not all : there were two mothers there : first Hippolyte's, and afterwards the mother of the fourth child, whom he had not been able to save, and who doubtless at that moment was fast dying under the ice. Poor mother ! she had also called to her son, and her son had not answered. She had hurried to the place, where they had placed the three children who had been saved from the water. But not one of them was her son. Poor mother ! she was nearly mad with jealousy : she almost felt that she had a grudge

against Hippolyte for having saved the other three children while he had not been able to bring back her son. Despair seized upon her, the unfortunate woman was ready, to throw herself into the gulf, so that she might die with her child : but Hippolyte who had recovered part of his strength, escaping from his mother's grasp, caught hold of the other woman's clothes, and dragged her back. Then promising to give her back her son, he threw himself for the fourth time under the ice.

Two awful minutes they waited, nothing, Hippolyte did not return. Oh, you might then have seen a grievous picture of motherly love : you might then have seen two mothers, one of whom seemed to say to the other. "You are killing my own child, in order that he may save yours" and the other who with wild eyes and distracted looks, could find no other answer than these words " My Charles, my poor Charles."

Hippolyte still, however, did not return to the top, and all the spectators with eyes fixed on the piece of water, showed an uneasiness which increased at every minute. At last at a certain distance from the opening, into which he had plunged they heard a hollow sound, as though a head were trying to force a passage through the ice. They quickly set to work and with a hatchet the ice was broken at that spot and showed once more the young hero with Charles the child of the other woman.

She could not believe her eyes and running from one person to another hardly knew which one she was to call her son.

As to the other mother, Hippolyte's, whom all were complimenting she was shedding tears of sadness, and of pride. She had indeed a good right to be proud of her son.

The people had had time to prepare warm clothes for Hippolyte which they put on him as soon as he was out of the water. They revived his exhausted body, which the consciousness of a great and fine deed, still kept alive. They carried him, escorted by his four trophies to the nearest house to the Swiss water, and he was the object of the admiration, and the solicitude, of all the most important people in the town, who all paid him visits.

The Mayor of the town, spoke of him in such a manner to the home minister, that he not deeming the ordinary medal sufficient for such a brilliant proof of courage, and unselfishness, gave to the young Hippolyte Leport, aged only eleven years, the cross of the Legion of honour. This in France is a very high honor, and he had well deserved it.

Hippolyte always bears traces of the sufferings he endured, consequent on his action. His limbs are sometimes heavy and useless like those of an old soldier, who has been in the Russian wars. They are noble wounds, wounds gained by saving men, and are worth quite as much as those gained by destroying them.

Defying Gravity.

No doubt you have often heard how impossible it is for a man to lift himself from the ground by pulling on the strap of his boots. Other things are supposed to be equally impossible, one of them being to lift oneself by means of a rope and pulley.

While this is perfectly true in the case of a straight pull, there is a very simple way to do it which you may easily prove to the astonishment of your friends.

Throw a rope over the limb of a tree, and in one end of the rope make a strong loop large enough to hold your foot. You stand on the ground with your left foot in the loop of the rope, and pull your best on the other end of the rope, but though you feel a good deal of strain on your foot in the loop you don't stir. Now you are doing exactly what is done by the man who tries to lift himself over the fence by pulling on his boot straps.

By this time you are convinced that there is a trick in it. Indeed there is, but so simple a one that you will have no trouble in performing it. Bear your weight on the rope in your hands and lift your legs, swinging them upwards from your hips. The result will be that your feet will go up about three feet from the ground, while the rope in your hands will sink till your head is on a level with your feet.

Now climb up the rope, "hand over hand," till your head is above your feet, and lift your feet as before, pulling on the rope at the same time.

You do not really pull yourself up this way, buf it looks to the spectators as if you did. You climb up the rope hand over hand, and could do it just as well without having your foot in the loop at all providing the rope were fastened to the limb.

Made in Eight Hours.

Jules Curzon, a Polish mechanic, who was presented with a gold medal for his inventions, performed a most extraordinary thing when he succeeded in manufacturing a complete watch in the space of eight hours, and from materials on which any other watchmaker would have looked comtemptuously.

It is said that Alexander III. of Russia, hearing of the marvelous inventive genius of Curzon, determined to put it to the test, and forwarded him a box containing a few copper nails, some wood chippings, a piece of broken glass, an old cracked China cup, some wire, and a few cribbage-board pegs, with the request that he would transform them into a watch.

Nothing daunted, and perceiving a golden opportunity for winning favour at the Court, Curzon set about his task with enthusiasm, and in the incridibly short space of eight hours and despatched a wonderfully constructed watch to the Emperor Alexander, who was so surprised and delighted at the work that he sent for the maker, and conferred upon him several distinctions, and granted him a pension.

The case of the watch was made of China, whilst the works were simply composed of the odds and ends accompanying the old cup. Not only did it keep good time, but only required winding once every three or four days.

This remarkable watch is believed to be still in the possession of the Russian Royal Family.

Saved by his Manners.

The Superintendent of the National Zoological Park at Washington tells of an amusing act of apparent politeness on the part of a monkey that had a most peculiar effect upon a dog belonging to the Superintendent.

The official in question says that one day, while he was walking down Pennsylvania avenue, accompanied by his favourite fox-terrier, an Italian Street piano-player with a trained monkey pulled up at a cross street and began to play.

The monkey was attired in the regulation jacket and cap, and seemed to be an unusually bright little fellow. While the man was grinding out the music the monkey hopped down from the piano where he had been sitting. This was enough for the fox-terrier. He immediately made a dash for the monkey, which awaited the onslaught with such equanimity that the dog halted within a few feet of him, evidently to re-consider. Both animals gazed long and steadily at each other. Then, with a sudden movement, the monkey raised his paw and gracefully saluted the enemy by raising his cap.

The effeet was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he retired in confusion.—*Selected.*

Man's oldest Timepiece.

The oldest means by which men have told the time of day is by sundials. There are sundials still in existence used long before the Christian era ; in fact, they have been found in Egypt dating before the Pharaohs.

The Indians and wild nations told the time by the position of the shadows of trees or mountains. The Chinese have carried the art of sun-dials to perfection, and even to-day use pocket sun-dials instead of watches. One Chinese watch-maker has arranged his front porch in such a way that the shadow of the posts tells the time.

The sun-dials in England and Germany, are horizontal in gardens and on terraces, or vertical on the sides of houses and inns.

The mottoes employed are many and curious. "I mark only happy hours" is a favourite one, but perhaps one of the most exquisite is: "Hours fly, flowers die, new ways, new days pass by, love stays."

The old sun-dial was a simple affair; the plate of stone or metal with the hours engraved on it, and the gnomon, a triangular piece of metal which in casting the shadow marked the time.

The modern dial is very accurate, marking always the quarters as weil as the hours, and often the minutes.

Topsy-Turvy Land.

In Japan—if the bull may be permited—after-dinner speeches are made before dinner, thus ensuring brevity and furnishing the topics for conversation. In "Feudal and Modern Japan," the author states that it is the absorbing desire of the young, ladies to grow old, that they may share the reverence given to age.

"The best rooms in the house are in the rear. A Japanese entering it takes off his shoes instead of his hat. If he takes up a book to read, he opens it at the back.

He reads from right to left, instead of from left to right. The letters are arranged vertically instead of horizontally. The larger margin of the page is at the top instead of at the bottom, and the foot-notes are at the top.

"If he writes a letter, he will take a roll instead of a sheet, write along the curve of the roll a missive which begins exactly as one of ours would end and *vice versa*, and then, putting it into an envelope opening at the end and after addressing it England, London, Fleet-street, Smith, John, Mr., he will seal it, turn it over, and put his postage stamp on the back."—*Selected.*

The Nettle and its Uses.

The common nettle certainly does not look inviting as a food and yet during the Irish famine hundreds of poor people existed entirely on it, cooking the young plant like ordinary vegetables.

Animals, while refusing, to touch the growing nettle, devour it eagerly when it has been dried by the sun, and in Russia, Sweden, and Holland it is moved several times a year for fodder.

The common name given to the nettle in some language means "that with which one sews," for the fibre was used as a thread several centuries ago.

In Kamschatka the natives use the thereads for fishing lines and cordage.

In France it is used for paper.

In Hindustan and China it is woven into grass cloth.

The Chinese nettle yields a fibre as soft as silk, and there is now in Dresden a " Chinna grass" manufactory devoted to the industry of weaving cloth from this grass and the common nettle.—*Selected.*

The Poet's Little Joke.

An Arab king, whose name is not recorded, had the faculty of retaining in his memory any poem which he had once heard. He had, too, a mameluke who could repeat any poem that he had twice heard, and a female slave who could repeat one that she had heard thrice. When the king would promise that if he found his verses to be his original ever a poet came to compliment the king with an ode composition he would give him a sum of mony equal in weight to what they were written upon.

The poet, delighted, would recite his ode; and the king would say, "It is not new, for I have known it some years." Then he would repeat it as he had heard it. After that he would add, "And this mameluke also remembers it;" and the mameluke would repeat it. To make the proof seem plainer still the king would then say to the poet, "I have also a female slave who can repeat it," and on his ordering her to do so, she would repeat what she had thrice heard; so the poet would go empty-handed away.

The famous poet, El-Asmai, having heard of this procedings and guessing the trick, composed an ode made up of very difficult words, and disguising himself, went to the palace and presented himself.

He repeated his ode. The king, perplexed, and unable to remember any of it, made a sign to the mameluke but he too, had retained nothing. Then he called the female slave, but she also was unable to repeat a word.

"O brother of the Arabs," said the king, "thou hast spoken truth and the ode is thine without doubt. Produce, therefore, what it is written upon, and we will give thee its weight in money, as we have promised."

"Wilt thou," said the poet, "send one of the attendants to carry it?"

"To carry what?" asked the king. "Is it not upon a paper here in thy possession?"

"No my lord the Sultan," replied the poet. "At the time I composed it there was not a piece of paper near me upon which to write it but only a fragrant of a marble column; so I engraved it upon this and it lies in the court of the palace."

He had brought it, wrapped up on the back of a camel. The king, to fulfil his promise, was obliged to make a heavy drain upon his treasury, and to prevent a repetition of the experience in future rewarded his poets more justly.—*Selected.*

A REVIEW.

A History of India.

A most excellent little book on Indian History has just come into our hands. The joint authors are Messrs. G. F. R. Hoernle, C.I.E., M. A., Oxford and Ph. D., Tubingen, Herbert, and A. Stark, B.A. (Calcutta). The book should be most useful as a Sixth Form Text-Book. It is very concise and clear in the information it gives. The narrative form in which it is written is attractive and will make the students of Indian History find it easy to commit to memory the great events (with dates) which have happened in this country. It is published by the Orissa Mission Press, Cuttack. Price Rs. 1-8-0.

The main points about the book are its freshness and up-to-dateness. The authors say in their preface, "numerous inscriptions coins and manuscripts, discovered in late years, as well as the more extended study of Sanskrit, Arabic and Persian literature have brought to light a mass of new facts which have greatly modified many hitherto accepted views of Indian History. The book contains 5 maps and 34 illustrations, all of which add greatly to its utility. We heartily commend the book to the scholastic world.

Our Essay Competition.

I am extremely pleased to find that so many subscribers have sent in Essays this month. Some have been well thought out, and the substance is good, but alas! the English is bad. If this competition is to be of use to you as students, all defects must be pointed out in a general way: and this I find can be very easily done, as the faults in the composition run in the same line.—To give more attention to the sequence of tenses, any grammar will help you in this, but I would more particularly recommend "West"—which is generally known, I find, and used by students.

Then, write less, and more concisely, and keep to your subject. Do not allow your feelings to run away with you, and take up your pen in order to give vent to expressions of ill-will, towards those with whom you do not quite agree.

Lastly, and in my opinion this is a serious matter, do not quote from books, as if the words were original. There is no harm whatever in using thoughts and ideas suggested to you by some author, but there it must stop. To commit passages to memory, and then use them as original is cribbing, and one of the meanest forms of dishonesty. It is, too, very easily detected, as each author has his own peculiarity of style.

The prize this month is awarded to S. Venkata Raman of Madura.

Subject for next month. "Why should all manufactures be encouraged?"

Memorabilia.

A Chinese child is considered a year old at its birth, and its age is reckoned not from its birth-days, but from its New Year's Days. If it happens to be born on February 1, the day before the Chinese New Year's Day, it is said to be two years old when it is two days old. It is one year old when born, and another year is added on its first New Year's-Day.

* * *

A most curious and sluggish creature is the tantawa, a small lizard whose home is in New Zealand. The little animal has the reputation of being the laziest creature ever created. It is usually found clinging to rocks or logs along the shores of rivers and lakes, and has been known to remain in one position perfectly motionless for many months. How the creature manages to exist is a mystery which naturalists have been unable to solve.

* * *

One of the greatest wonders of Java is a large lake of boiling mud, two miles in circumference, in the centre of which immense columns of soft, hot mud may be seen continually rising and falling. Besides these columns there are two gigantic bubbles near the edge which fill up like huge ballons and explode on an average three times per minute.

* * *

"Wooden Russia" is the name applied to the vast forest areas of Russia in Europe, which cover nearly five hundred million acres, or 36 per cent of the entire area of the country. In Russia houses built of any other material than wood are almost unknown outside the cities and wood constitutes the principal fuel.

* * *

About three hundred miles from Phoenix, in Colorado, is perhaps one of the greatest curiosities in that land of valcanoes and deadly fumes. It is what the naturalists in California call a lake of ink.

Approved by the Director of Public Instruction, Bombay, for all Educational Officers and Institutions.

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT,
BOMBAY CASTLE, 25*th August* 1900.

Letter from the Director of Public Instruction, No. 2024, dated the 27th June 1900.

Requesting that he may be allowed to subscribe for a copy of the '*Student's Friend*' for the use of his office and that also a general sanction may be given to the effect that Educational Officers and institutions may subscribe to the Journal, if they wish to do so:—

(1) The *Student's Friend*, yearly subscription Re. 1 including postage, observing that the Journal is judiciously edited and contains useful educational information; forwarding a letter No. 90, dated the 14th June 1900, from the Headmaster, Poona High School, recommending the '*Student's Friend*' and making remarks.

Memorandum from the Educational Department of the Secretariat, No. 1043, dated 16th July 1900—Transferring the papers and making remarks.

Resolution.—The proposals made by the Director of Public Instruction are sanctioned on the understanding that the subscription will be paid from the contingent grant of the Officers or Schools concerned.

H. S. LAWRENCE,
Under Secretary to Government.

No. 4076 of 1900-1901.

1. Copy forwarded for information to Messrs. T. S. Subramania & Co.
2. Subscription of Re. 1 is sent by Money Order.

(Signed) E. GILES, M.A.,
Director of Public Instruction.

Approved by the Director of Public Instruction, Bengal, for all Government, Zilla and H. E. Schools.

FROM

A. PEDLAR, ESQ., F. R. S.,
Director of Public Instruction, Bengal.

To

MESSRS. T. S. SUBRAMANIA & Co., *Madras.*

CALCUTTA, *the 28th August* 1900.

GENTLEMEN,

In reference to your letter of the 5th June 1900 regarding your Monthly Journal "*The Student's Friend,*"—I am directed to say that in the opinion of the Director of Public Instruction the Journal may profitably be subscribed for High Schools.

2. I am accordingly to suggest that you will send sample copies of the publication to the several Inspectors of Schools in Bengal (*see* below) with a view to their subscribing copies of it for such Government, High and Zilla Schools as they may think fit. In writing to them please quote the number and date of this letter.

INSPECTORS OF SCHOOLS.

Burdwan	Circle Chinsurah.
Rajashahi	Jalpaiguri.
Patna	Bankipur.
Bhagalpur and Chota Nagpur	Purulia.
Eastern Circle	Dacca.
Orissa	Cuttack.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,
Your most obedient servant,
A. C. MULLICK,
Asst. to Director of Public Instruction.

FROM

THE AGENCY EDUCATIONAL OFFICER, *Vathiawad.*

CAMP, RAJAKOT, 6-1-06.

No. 1473 OF 1905—1906.

To

MESSRS. T. S. SUBRAMANIA & CO.,
32, *Armenian Street, Madras.*

GENTLEMEN,

With reference to your letter dated 25th ultimo, I have the honour to state that the Headmasters of Secondary Schools under the agency have been asked by me to subscribe to your Journal from the 1st instant if possible.

I have the honour to be,
Gentlemen,
Your most obedient servant, (Signed) DHIRAJRAM VYAS,
Agency Educational Officer, Vathiawad.

H. H. The Nizam's Educational Department.

No. 159. File No. 18 of 1906.

FROM

THE DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
H. H. The Nizam's Dominions, Hyderabad (Deccan).

To

MESSRS. T. S. SUBRAMANIA & Co.,
32, *Armenian Street, Madras.*

Hyderabad (Deccan) 22nd Jan. 1906.
Received...................... 1906.
Enclosures

DEAR SIRS,

With reference to your letter dated 25th December 1905, I enclose herewith copy of a circular I have issued to the Inspectors of Schools under the department regarding your monthly Journal entitled "*The Student's Friend.*"

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) IMAD-UL-MULK,
Director of Public Instruction.

H. H. The Nizam's Educational Department.

File No. 18 of 1906.

FROM

NAWAB IMAD-UL-MULK BAHADUR, B.A.,
Director of Public Instruction.
His Highness the Nizam's Dominions, Hyderabad (Deccan).

To

THE INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS,
H. H. the Nizam's Dominions,
Hyderabad (Deccan). 16th Jan. 1906
Received.............................190.
Enclosure.

SIR,

I have the honor to inform you that a Monthly Journal of Education entitled "*The Student's Friend*" has been published by Messrs. T. S. Subramania & Co., 32, Armenian Street, Black Town, Madras. To judge from the specimen copies forwarded this Journal promises to be an excellent periodical well suited to the capacity of students of our High and even Middle Schools. The annual subscription being only one rupee government, it is well within the means of the poorest. Our High and Middle Schools might do worse than to subscribe for one or more copies each, from their contingent allowance. I send three sample copies herewith for your perusal.

(True Copy). (Sd.) IMAD-UL-MULK, *Director of Public Instruction.*
C. S. NAIDU, *Head Clerk, Office of the Director of Public Instruction.*

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